4/4/70

Dear Mary,

I've been negligent lately, but not on purpose. Last night I found the letter I'd forgotten to mail, in a pile of those to answer.

I've been busy with things other than the usual work recently. The suits have taken some time, I've had a medical thing to take care of and, with a break in the weather, I've been doing some yard/householder work outside. My body, which is aging too rapidlyly, needs this kind of work. And I've something to show for it. We inherited a carport with warped doors. A carpenter has been supposed to correct this for two years. I've started to, with a simple solution that looks like it will work, beginning w th a trip to the junk yard for some seco d-hand angle iron. When I'm finished, I believe the doors will work, that Lil will have access to her gardening tools and I'll probably have built her shallow cabinets for pots and small hand tools, etc, between the angle irons, from the scrap wood that, like a countryman, I do save. And I am a countryman. I slept late this a.m., until almost six. I found "our" wild mallards waiting for me to feed them. The come up to the kitchen door now when they see me. I've made a pot of coffee and have started to write this and I have to stop because the wild quail are here looking for their food, about 20 minutes early.

When I saw Bud several days ago he had made an extra copy of a letter I gave him to copy. The single letter in the cor espondence can be no more than a souvenir to you, but here is a souvenir. It is one of the series of letters I'll use in the next suit that I'll be filing soon, on the panel-report(s) materials. This time I'll have to be my own lawyer, with counsel from Bud on the papers, etc.

It has been beyond my capacity to make copies of everything for everybody and in some areas I've had to stop it for other reasons (this does not relate to you) simply because there was been so much blabbing and thievery, both of which are hurtful. If I want to tell the rascals of the government what I know I can write and tell them. I do not. Let them learn the way it will help us. This letter, for example, says they have none of the raw materials of the panels. That is false. I have, in writing, who gave what to whom. And under the law they have to give it to me. I regret this new crew is even more contemptuous of the law. And the main pain contracted the Watergate syndrome, the one I call "Burn Barby Burn". I've got that in writing, too. So, I've given you a little glimpse; for there is time for no more. I'm writing this before I awaken Lil, which I'll do soon. However, please say nothing about it. Gary and Mulare were or less informed. Aside from the official corruption, which I can expect to extend to the courts, the major problem I anticipate with the panel suit is cost. I anticipate calling the doctors as witnesses. I don't know, when the time comes, where their transportation expenses will come fr from. But can you imagine how I look forward to questioning them? Now that you've read the two IMs you know some of what I know. My work in this area has gone much farthur than I indicate in correspondence, which is a new kind of public notice too often. I've been tapping sources other than the Archives, with some degree of success. In time, you'll have it and if you are here before them, you'll see it. Mind blowing stuff, believe me.

I started to apologize. Now I've other things to do. I make a speech to a black group to commemorate King's assassination in DC today (and I'm telling them they've abdicated, that they have surrendered the most elemental treats of manhood). I think I'll go to the P.O. first so my mail wont spend a day in the box. And I've got to wake Lil so she can fee me (otherwise I'd eat too much) and I've got to feed the birds. But I do hope things are picking up with your boy. The trip to California may well have been better than medicine. Best to all,